

HALO: THE LOST SPARTANS

by Spartan-511

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Summary: They are a group of spartans not known by many. They battle the covenant in hope for their salvation and humanity's as well. Sparan511 will reunite with the lost spartans and together they shall unlock a secret that will change humanity

1. Chapter 1

A/N

The first few chapters are rocky but bare through

Chapter One

0725 Hours, November 14,2552 (Military)/

UNSC Pelican, Rome IV, Augustus System

Spartan-511 sat quietly in the aft compartment, his mind thinking of possible tactics to use in battle. The ground thudded when a warthog was dropped off. Roy moved to the gunner's seat and beckoned for the marines to get in.

The hog momentarily was suspended in the air they jumped over a hill. The marines were apparently taken back by what they saw. Thousands upon thousand of covenant foot soldiers were moving towards the ONI complex. Few groups of marines stood there ground in the front of the complex with their portable turrets. Wraiths moved and began to bombard quickly incinerating the troops. A lone Scorpion tank fired a warning shot towards the covenant.

The Spartan loaded the LAAG and opened up. A group of grunts fell from the hail of fire.

Roy was firing on an elite, when the hog was flipped suddenly into the air. Roy quickly go to his feet to see what the source was. The passenger was crushed under the warthog and instantly died. The other

marine ran towards the complex. He never made it. A green blob like thing shot right through his back.

Roy turned towards the fire, the large creature bellowed a war cry and charged. The creature was a hunter; they were armed with a large shield along with a deadly arm mounted fuel rod gun.

The Spartan sidestepped just in time to avoid the blow. Roy fired round after round into the creature's back. The hunter collapsed onto the ground. The other hunter had been busy with a group of marines. After another short burst from his battle rifle the hunter fell dead as well.

A covenant ghost drove by and then turned around towards Roy. He started to as the ghost fired. He rolled to the left and when the ghost drove beside him. He grabbed a plasma grenade and stuck it onto the vehicle. The grenade exploded in a bluish cloud. Roy walked over to the ghost. It was still intact so the Spartan jumped in and continued his way to the complex.

A lone jackal stood atop of a hill noticed something. He told his commanding elite what he saw. The elite looked and it also saw it coming. A ghost was on its way but a large olive green humanoid creature was driving it.

Roy fired the plasma canons mounted on the ghost at a jackal. An elite was running and the Spartan ran the creature over.

Covenant blood, great thought Roy as he continued.

The Spartan looked into the sky. An object moved in the sky, followed by another and another.

"Dam it," murmur the Spartan.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two

0947 Hours, November 14,2552 (Military Calendar)/

Rome IV, Augustus System

"This is it," murmured the ODST. A large room was guarded by a group of ODST and titanium a door.

"I see you made it Spartan, about time," spoke the voice of Commander Fort. The commander had been widely known through the UNSC for his victory of the planet Constantinople VI a heavily populated outer colony that still was glassed later on. The commander's face wrinkled; as he thought deep his eyes were beginning to gray they showed the scared side of the man though he would never show it.

"You were sent here for a classified mission," the commander stopped and moved to a computer and pulled out a data crystal.

"You are supposed to retrieve this crystal, and set up a EVAC and leave. As to seeing that well ill let you see," the commander actives

a display. It was black and dotted with spots that were stars. Out of nowhere seven covenant ships appeared and quickly decimated any human ships.

"Well, as you see our forces are gone, but I have gotten in contact with a so called Admiral Parker he says he's on his way until then you need to get back to the surface and hold this complex." The commander said as his voice seemed to dissipate.

"Yes sir!" replied Roy anxious to get back into the fray of battle. The Spartan made his way to the front where the marines were. He grabbed a sniper rifle and scoped out an elite with an energy sword. One, two rounds hit the elite in its chest. Roy followed a ghost and shot the driver out as well.

"They breached the complex in the west wall," shouted an ODST. Roy grabbed his SMG and hurried towards the west side. The Spartan heard squeals as he was about to round a corner. He knew it was just a group of grunts but where grunts are more covenant are sure to follow.

Roy rounded the corner and fired his gun upon the grunts. The grunts caught off guard squealed in surprise. Blood spilled out of them creating puddles. He ran into a few jackals and grunts and then he ran into nothing.

The Spartan drew tense as he continued without running into enemies. Roy thought he saw something move but decided it was just he.

Five elites suddenly appeared and in unison pulled out their energy swords. The Spartan began to fire when he noticed that there were more elites behind him. One elite moved forward challenging the Spartan.

Click, click _shit out of ammo_ the Spartan quickly threw the spent gun away. He dropped to his fighting stance. The elite lunged; Roy moved under it and grabbed its sword arm. The elite taken back the move stumbled for control of the sword. Roy tried to move the arm but it was taking all of his strength just to hold it.

He quickly let go and with inhuman speed lashed out a kick to the creature's chest. The elite gasped in shock and swung wildly. Roy ducked and threw an uppercut right on the elites mandibles.

Blood smeared across Roy's visor as the elite fell dead; Roy glanced around and found a group of marines whom were firing on the elites.

The Spartan hastily grabbed a plasma rifle furious with himself for getting trapped like that.

"Holy!" shouted a marine gazing in the sky. Roy followed his gaze and saw a bulbous whale shape ship coming through the atmosphere heading towards them.

"Alert Commander Fort, tell him we need to go!" barked the Spartan.

Chapter Three

Onboard UNSC Battleship "Reign of Power"

1045 hours, November 14,2552 (Military Calendar)/

The Reign of Power is the pride of the UNSC; it is their first battleship class ever. It is the largest ship ever constructed by the UNSC. Onboard are three MAC guns that have a faster rate of fire and reloading rate than most ships. The ship runs on two fusion reactors and one spare reactor for backup. Three more battleships are supposed to come out in the next month.

Admiral Parker stood on the bridge, awaiting the arrival of the commander and Spartan-511. The three of them exchanged salutes and greeted one and another.

"Thanks for getting us out of that jam," said the commander scratching his head.

"Sir, permission to speak freely?" asked Roy

"Permission granted"

"What happened in orbit?" inquired the Spartan.

"The first wave the covenant sent four destroyers. The few ships we had didn't stand a chance. Later we sent more ships, the battle was in our favor until those other ships appeared and later that capital ship. Then the commander got in contact with me and asked for EVAC and so I sent you guys a pelican and that's it," Replied the admiral with a blank look.

"Oh, and one more thing Spartan-511 report to the armory we got something for you." When the Spartan's footsteps faded away the admiral turned towards the commander.

"They found and attacked Earth." The admiral studied the commander's face for change. When there was none he continued.

"Good, thing is the attack was small and the defense grid held.

"This here is the Mark VI it has a stronger shield and it recharges faster," said the technician as he helped Roy put on the amour.

Roy donned on his helmet and made his way back to the bridge. The admiral briefed him in on the attack on Earth. The admiral then spoke of a Spartan defending a orbital MAC gun.

"There are other Spartans alive?"

"Yes, there are seven Spartans alive including you still alive. You may want to get some shut eye." Ordered the admiral.

Emotions overswept the Spartan even for him being a super solider he couldn't hide all his emotions. Memories flooded over him of the Spartans he trained with. The Spartan clicked off the atmospheric locks and sighed.

We have a chance.

4. Chapter 4

A/N would you guys send some reviews if you like the story or not

Chapter Four

Onboard Covenant Capital ship "Unyielding Redemption"

Two days earlier, 0930 Hours, November 13,2552 (Military Calendar)/

Unknown space

"What are we going to do about those traitors?" voice broke out at the table.

"Silence!" yelled Uyamagad, the zealot sat at the table, his hand tapping disapprovingly at the members at the table. He had been on several campaigns against the loathed humans but barely survived his last encounter.

"This meeting is here for our action against those infidels of the Covenant," announced Serzxee one of the few who managed to get off High Charity alive. His ship had been docked nearby and was able to relieve him at once the revolt began.

"How many ships are present?"

"Twelve vessels, four of them need repair within the next day," replied a shipmaster._ Not as much as needed_ thought Serzxee.

"I have gotten word that the hunters have remained faithful to us and shall us in our time in need," the elites in room let out a roar of approvals at Serzxee last statement.

"Next, is the Prophets and the brutes are heading for what I believe to be planet called Earth. Consequently this appears to be the human's home planet. As seeing we want revenge for our fallen brothers we must," Serzxee paused unsure to continue and decided to continue.

"Become allies with the humans!" Disapproval ran through the room, elites whispered their thoughts to one and another.

"We shall not disgrace ourselves!" yelled an angry elite. Several elites nodded in agreement. One other councilor stood up.

"As much as I hate to say it, Serzxee is right we cannot afford to battle the covenant and the humans,"

"The hard thing will be how to persuade the humans to join our cause"

5. Chapter 5

A/N sorry I have been busy

Chapter Five

Onboard Orbital MAC Gun Baghdad

0952 Hours, November 15,2552

Orbit around Earth

The Reign of Power had made it to Earth. Roy was ordered to the Orbital MAC Gun Baghdad, which was part of the Defense Grid. The Spartan rolled around in his bed and went back to sleep. He was barely aware that he was in orbit. The Spartan suddenly jolted awake when he heard a rustle around him.

"Hey, he's awake"

Three marines stood around Roy, they wore the expressions of awe and fear. Well Roy could understand they were looking at one of the best UNSC solider. Finally one brave solider stepped fourth.

"Your needed at the training range."

Roy hastily put on his amour, he was feverous without it, it had saved his life numerous times.

An ONI spook was there and gestured for the Spartan to follow him into a large room. It was full of computers, displays, and other gadgets.

"First, thing first the data crystal" spoke the spook. He was an average man, but something about ONI was always deceiving.

"What's on the data crystal?" asked Roy curious to know.

"We believe it to be about something called the ark."

"Also, this is Ares," said the officer. The hologram display warmed and came to life. A AI appeared he was dress in what appeared to be a toga.

"Wow, Spartan-511 what a---

"I know he's a bit odd, he is the god of war but he picked a toga to wear." The ONI spook had taken the AI out of the port and handed it to Roy.

"He was created to assist any surviving Spartans and as to seeing Master Chief has one we agreed to give you Ares." With that note the Spartan walked out and went to the firing range to train.

Roy had decided to head to the bridge to see the commander. The doors slid apart as the half-ton killing Spartan walked into the room.

"Good to see you," said Commander Fort as he walked over.

"Yeah, long time no see," came a voice that Roy knew, he turned, and

there next to him stood two Spartans.

Flashback

0523 Hours, February 24, 2545

Onboard UNSC Frigate Pittsburgh

Five Spartans sat in the launch bay of the frigate.

"Ready to kick some alien ass?" asked Spartan-034 Lance.

"All battle hands report to the cargo bay for immediate evacuation." Came the voice of the admiral over the comm. System. The hull reverberated as another plasma torpedo hit the side of the ship.

"Inbound two pelicans," yelled Spartan-52, Mark. The pelicans hovered in the cargo bay.

"Spartan-511 round up, you're coming with us," said a marine in the aft compartment.

"The others take the other one," The Spartans grabbed there gear and made to leave.

"Aww guys well see each other in awhile," said Lance. When the pelicans left that was the last time Roy saw them.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter Six

Onboard Orbital MAC Gun Baghdad

1041 Hours, November 15,2552 (Military Calendar)/

Orbit around Earth

Roy stared in disbelief "Lance and Seth," Seth quickly reached out and swiped his two fingers across Roy's faceplate. Roy wanted to return the smile, but at that moment Admiral Parker, came running full force, skidded a stop next to the Spartans.

"Let's get the hell out of here, we got a new mission," said the admiral eagerly.

Onboard Reign of Power

Spartan-034 Lance, and 047 Seth stood on the deck fumbling with the safety lock on their weapons. They both wore the Mark VI battle armour, the luminous green ceramic plates, reflected the members of the crew as the light hit off the amour. Roy moved to the nearest computer port and loaded Ares the computer AI. The feeling of a warm liquid in his brain quickly vanished when he took out the AI. Instead a cold empty feeling retuned, he was by himself.

The hologram display warmed and Ares appeared his arms folded across his chest.

"Hello, oh other Spartans interesting," the AI's hue changed to a dark red as a burst of data flowed the length of his body.

Roy opened a private COMM link to Lance "What, happened to the others?"

This part is a flashback

July 30, 2538

Surface of London VI

United Kingdom System

"Alright, Mark and Rex you guys are red team, you'll hit them from the east." Acknowledge light winked in Lance's HUD. Mark and Rex moved quickly through the marshes that surrounded the city. They silently clicked off the safety of their assault rifles. A group of grunts stood guard, but after a few seconds and a few clips they were worm food.

"That was too easy"

"Yeah, it was Rex," said Mark, as he searched for any more patrols.

"Get anything from orbit?"

"Nothing, I think we are on our own," replied Mark. They ran for cover behind a building and ran to another one.

"Contacts, and lots of them!" yelled Rex.

A covenant drop ship dropped off a squad of soldiers, followed by another drop ship. Rex unclipped a grenade and threw into the advancing crowd. Mark readied his assault rifle and fired. The two Spartans held their ground until their ammo began to run low.

"Fall back!" Mark said his voice tense. They ran, plasma shots pinged off their armour as they ran. They arrived at an empty facility. They reloaded their weapons and sat down to catching their breath.

"Oh, my suit's off line," said Mark trying to find the source of the failure.

"Mine, too something must be interfering with our- A Hunter raised its massive shield, Rex turned his eyes widen.

"Mark!"

A flash of light appeared around Rex, he ran for his rifle where it lay a few feet away on the floor. Something threw Rex causing him to stumble. Rex strained his eyes a blur in the air. The Spartan moved and lashed out a kick. A howl of rage and a Special Ops elite camouflage generator failed. The Spartan threw a punch breaking the elite chest armour. Rex was knocked down by a kick from another elite. He sat against the concrete wall. Three more elites appeared and moved forward their energy blades gleaming. The Spartan reached for the rifle but it was just out of his range.

One Special Ops moved forward his black armour made the creature look menacing. His mandibles clicked in disgust.

"Humans, my gods have made me their blade and I shall deliver their will's."

Rex set the fusion reactor to overheat; he wasn't going down, without taking anyone with him.

"See you in hell"

The elite swung the energy blade.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter Seven

Onboard UNSC Battleship Reign of power

1205 Hours, November 15, 2552 (Military Calendar)/

"Sir! Nine Covenant vessels and one flagship holding position yelled a crewmember, he sat fidgeting with the controls. He must be worried; the admiral understood that many ships would have easily beaten any UNSC ship.

"Ares bring us to flanking speed. Give me a firing solution for the three closest ships and launch the MAC rounds." Barked the admiral.

"Arm Archer Pods AA to MM and arm to Shiva tip nuclear missiles!"

"Aye, Aye," replied another crewmember busying her with the data. The admiral frowned, _something is not right they would of already of attacked._ Then he began to sweat, he started to feel this was a trap.

Roy began to feel uneasy as well. The computer AI Ares reappeared and seemed to be annoyed with something.

"Sir, we are picking up one of our frequencies."

"Patch it through, but if those covenant ships even turn on a lamp I want to know."

The screen turned on and was in a dark room a figure moved in the background. The Spartans shifted uneasy.

"Humans"

"Identify yourself," said the admiral his voice was thick with caution. The screen slowly lightened up, and there sat an elite. The members of the crew let out a gasp. The face of the admiral contorted in rage as seeing this infidel on his screen.

"Open fir-

"No!" shouted the elite. He moved uncomfortably in his chair. His silver amour and crescent helmet showed that this elite was very high in ranking.

"How, dare you tell me to hold fire!" yelled the admiral his voice increasing in volume.

"Ares, pinpoint his location"

"Humans we are not here to fight, we are here to end this war. We were blinded by the prophets and fed lies."

The admiral couldn't believe what he was hearing but something clawed at him telling him that the elite was telling the truth.

This last statement also took Roy back. Seth shouldered his rifle as if the elite was nearby. The admiral cleared his throat.

"Tell, me more"

8. Chapter 8

Chapter Eight

Onboard UNSC Battleship Reign of Power

1225 Hours, November 15,2552 (Military Calendar)/

Uyamagad stood at the base of the phantom awaiting the councilor. The purple teardrop shaped ship hovered in the launch bay. The belly of the ship glowed blue as the councilor floated down the gravity lift.

They were greeted by a small group of human soldiers who were well armed. The weird human metal clanked under each of the elites footsteps. Marines stopped what they were doing to watch the elites go by. The humans had a look of rage and even some had a look of awe as well.

Serzxee was very interested in human culture but he dared never to show if for he feared that if the prophets had heard of this that they would have him hung by his entrails.

They approached a room fitted with a large wooden table. A normal sized human, with brown/orange hair. _This must be there shipmaster, strange hmm amour I suppose_ thought the councilor.

"Admiral Parker," gestured a human to the elites. The admiral shook slightly a sign of nerviness guessed Serzxee amused by the human's actions.

"What is this peace treaty?" asked the admiral. The gold elite a zealot, known as Uyamagad reached for his energy, but then stopped and realized that he had not brought any weapons due to the humans' request if the elites were to board their ship. The ship was the largest human vessel had seen, which the elite unconcealed showed his agreement that the ship was impressive.

"We have been cast out of the covenant. The prophets have lied to us

about the Great Journey. They ordered those brutes to kill us on sight! Thus this has splintered the Covenant. The grunts and hunters as you call them have joined our cause. You, humans have proven to be a worthy opponent, yet you were not accepted into the covenant, which has puzzled us elites, so now we ask you to join your skill and intelligence with us Elites to defeat the Brutes and to restore order."

Lance let out a snicker about the last statement. He stood in the corner of the room covered in darkness.

"What, creature dares say that?" Uyamagad grunted. The councilor tapped him on the shoulder.

"These are not grunts, you must treat humans with respect," whispered the councilor.

"Demon!" roared Uyamagad when Seth stepped out of the shadows.

"More demons?" Roy and Lance stopped dead in the doorway of the room. Their hands quickly moved for their weapons, faster than the admiral could watch. They took aim and clicked off the safety.

"Hold, your fire!" commanded the admiral. The shipmaster stood up and looked at the elites and the Spartans.

"It appears the rules of war has changed."

9. Chapter 9

Chapter Eleven

_A/N Please send reviews i dont know if you guys like it or not

—

Onboard Orbital MAC Gun Baghdad

0615 Hour, November 17, 2552 (Military Calendar)/

"They, blew right through us, they are heading straight for Earth!"

"The same tactic they used the first battle"

"We are they going to?"

"Thanks, to Spartan-511 we have decoded that the data crystal, it contained data for a city on earth, Jerusalem to be precise," replied the ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) officer

"Spartans, grab your gear your hitting the surface," barked the commander over the Com system.

"Better hang on," announced Malcolm to his passengers in the drop ship's troop bay. "Company is coming"

A swarm of Seraphs into tight formation and arched through space on an intercept course for the drop ship. The pelican's engines flared and the bulky ship plummeted toward the surface of the planet. The

alien fighters accelerated and plasma burst flickered from their gun ports. An energy bolt slashed past by the port side narrowly missing the pelican's cockpit.

The seraphs peeled back and locked onto another target. Against the black of space, cannons fired, missiles sketched a ghostly trail. Covenant energy weapons cut through the night and explosions dotted the sky.

The three pelicans continued their way occasionally rolling to avoid debris. The flash of the blinding light signaled that the orbital MAC guns had fired another salvo. The pelicans began to flare as they entered the atmosphere. They flew over a long line of warthog convey.

"Looks like the cavalry has arrived," snickered Lance. The pelicans veered off for the brute controlled section of the city. Roy groaned, he had wished to go with the other marines, these brutes soundâ€¦ Roy gulped he was actually nervous he was heading straight for hell and he knew it.

10. Chapter 10

A/N I will sometime nearby future rewrite some of the previous chapters

Chapter Ten City of Jerusalem

0709 Hours, November 17, 2552 (Military Calendar)

If you would of asked what Jeffery Oswald was going to do, he would told you about taking over the family business. Now times are differenthe commented himself to the UNSC after the fall of Reach. His wife, and children pleaded for him not to join, but despite that Jeffery did humanity needed all the help it can get, so now that's how Jeffery Oswald is now standing in a battalion of marines.

Commander Fort paced back and fourth, his thoughts bouncing around. He then turned and faced the battalion. The troops were mostly young so that meant this would be their first experience with the Covenant.

"The line has been drawn there will be no retreat!" yelled Commander Fort, to rally the marines. They all bore the faces of dead men

"Commander, Inbound hostile enemies ETA five minutes!" came the cool voice of the female air reconnaissance pilot.

"Alright, Rockets and snipers you guys get on the rooftop of that building and provide cover fire for the rest of us on ground," barked the commander scratching his head. Jeffery watched the commander for a moment, and than ran behind the other marines.

About five rocket jocks, and five snipers occupied the rooftop. Private Jeffery Oswald studied the S2 AM sniper rifle, the rifle fires 14.5mm armor â€"piercing, fin-stabilized, discarding-sabot rounds makes it very powerful.

"Permission to engage," Commander Fort over the Com. _this is it, time to get work_. Oswald lay on his stomach; his hand adjusted the scope of the sniper rifle. The purple, indistinct shape of the covenant ground vehicle the ghost entered the streets. The thump of rockets raced through the air to greet them. Three of the rockets engulfed the ghosts and the others went wide. Ground troops quickly poured out, scrambling to kill the humans.

Commander Fort had set up the defense of the marines on a street intersection, he had turrets, and portable shields set up, the marines held position in the narrow streets holding their breaths in wait.

_Crack, Crack, _the sniper rifle emptied two rounds they soon found themselves lodged in the head of the brute. The large, ape like creature went down hard. Jeffery smirked with pleasure at his first kill.

The brutes, jackals kept on coming and coming they were advancing but was still not close enough for the turrets to open up.

Private Oswald reached for a clip of ammunition from his waist. A purple beam went by a fraction of an inch from his hand. He glanced up his heart pounding his forehead began to collect sweat as it rolled in beads.

"Snipers!"

Oswald got to his feet and ran, another burst of sniper fire shot by his feet. He skidded to a halt behind a titanium shield that they had brought up earlier. A marine stumbled as he ran, he fell forward blood spat out of his mouth as he glanced down at his stomach. Private Oswald glanced around everyone else was dead.

Jeffery took in a deep breath, and put himself together his hand shook as he held his sniper rifle. He ran out from his hiding spot, while running he took shots a jackal fell off a nearby building, Jeffery fired another shot and soon the jackals began to die.

"Sir," whispered a marine to the commander.

"Are you sure?"

"Alright, we've got too many enemies closing, everyone fall back to level two"

Oswald heard the commander's fall back over the com. He gathered his rifle and opened the door to the building. He began his descent down the flight of stairs. Something moved, he shouldered his rifle and shot point blank. A roar of pain erupted a brute stepped fourth from the shadows. Despite being shot by a sniper rifle it shrugged it off and continued for the marine.

The private stared in belief and quickly snapped out of it. The sniper rifle was out of ammo and that had been his last round. He lashed out at the brute with the butt of his gun. The massive creature caught the gun and twisted it out of the human's hand. Oswald reeled and pain and began to back step. The brute charged it grabbed the man's neck and slammed the human into the wall.

The large apes grinned in anticipation and enclose its hand around Jeffery's neck. Oswlat gripped at the brute's hand but it was hard as iron. His life flashed through his eyes, blackness began to grip at the marine. Private Oswalt managed to whisper a prayer before the darkness led him to the abyss of no return

11. Chapter 11

****Chapter Eleven ****

****Jerusalem, Earth****

****0712 Hour, November 17,2552 (Military Calendar)/ ****

The pelican rolled and accelerated heading straight for the planet gaining vaporous flames along the sides. The Spartans jostled around as the drop ship encounter another air pocket.

Malcolm strained his eyes, to the top of the building, his thoughts going in every direction. Plasma fire spurted out of the turrets that were fixed onto of the buildings. The plasma fire began to eat away layers of metal. Sunlight poured through the holes that were appearing increasingly. The marines began to sweat, their eyes look in every direction, fear clawed at them.

"We are going to die!" screamed a marine that was thrashing in his harness. Spartan-034 Lance moved and grabbed the marine by his neck and pinning him down in his harness.

"Shut up, we are going to make it just maybe without you," the marine quickly stopped thrashing and stared at Lance wondering if he really would kill him.

"Human, it has come to my attention that brute controlled ship has made it past our defenses and is holding position above one of your cities." Said Serzxee, using one of the human COM channels. The elite councilor sat in the command seat of the capital ship, while Uyamagad stood giving commands to the crew.

" I see, we need to take it out, or else it could do the same as New Mombasa and jump into slipstream and destroy the city," said Admril Parker. His face now had beads of rolling sweat, as he tried to the keep the _Regin of Power_ in one piece.

"I can send another pelican to the surface to send a nuke under the grav lift.," resposed the admrial.

"No, that won't be nessary, I will send down a squad of my special ops to take the ship out. Through your troops will have to clear a landing zone near the base of the grav lift." Serzxee studied the human's voice for changes due to stress.

"Will due over and out." The com link snapped off , the admiral opened a link to Spartan-511.

"Spartans come in do you read me?"

"Yes, Admiral Parker what can I do for you?" Came the voice of the

Squad leader Roy.

"Your original mission has been scrubbed, you are not going to meet with Commander Fort instead you are to clear an LZ at this location." The amiral turned off the Comm and readied the ship as two plasma torpedos headed their way towards the ship.

"You heard him, is that understood?" asked Roy looking at the spartans and the marines. They nodded in acknowledge and stared back at the floor.

Flames engulfed one of the three pelicans. Malcom swirved the controll causing the pelican to roll unplanned. The spartan jerked forward against the harness that held them in place.

Malcom tried to pull up the pelican but it was too late, the ground met the belly of the pelican and threw Malcom unconicous.

The pilot shook his head and slowly got to his feet, blood slowly rolled down his face from the corners of his mouth. He stumbled unsure what to do and then decided to check on the passengers in the troopbay.

The spartans sat motionessely their luminous green ceramic plates, the polorazied visors. They gave Malcom the creeps, but he was greatful for them"

"Shit, I killed the spartans!" He moved to a spartan and shook him to see if he awaken the spartan. The spartan slowly glanced up and shook its head and looked around. Malcom sighed in relief and sat down taking in the sight of the troops.

Roy aroused and shook the bluriness out of his vision and glanced around the compartment. He glanced at his HUD and checked his squad's health stats.

He moved around and awoke the other Spartans. Lance and Seth both gradually arose and gathered their weapons.

"How many survived," asked he pilot Malcolm.

"Eight are dead and seven are alive including the Spartans," responded Roy.

"The other pelican crashed towards the west of our location," informed Malcolm as he served first aid to the awaking marines.

"Alright, grab your gear and lets head towards that direction you've got five minutes and then we are gone, understood."

"Yes sir!" Rang the remains of the squad. Lance and Seth both smiled to themselves, even though no one can see them.

12. Chapter 12

****Chapter Twelve ****

_A/N I am writing this story to see if you people like the storyline,

later I will redo the chapters._

****Jerusalem, Earth****

****0755 Hour, November 17, 2552 (Military Calendar)****

"Hey, Roy did you see that!" Exclaimed Lance, pointing at the end of the horizon, which happened to be the end of the street.

****"See what?" Asked Roy cautiously while keeping his glare at the long stretch of road in front of them. Roy and the surviving crew of the pelican flown by Malcolm had secured the other pelican only to find that six marines survived. Now they silently marched towards the LZ they were supposed to clear, but the strange thing was they had not ran into any enemies.

****"That purple thing," Replied Lance with a hint of annoyance in his voice.

Roy cursed under his breath; whatever Lance saw he knew it was out there. Lance had always been the one with better vision. That's why he made an excellent sniper and quite frankly Roy didn't care long as Lance killed it.

Roy strained his eyes over the horizon. Something moved but it was lost within the haze that surrounded it. As it came into a view Roy quickly realized that this was something new.

"Get into this street now!" Roy pointed at a street that ran parallel to their left; the marines and soldiers ran full blast and skidded to a halt when they reached the street. Here the buildings were in close proximity, most of them were apartments.

Roy moved to a building near the edge of the main street. He peered over the corner. The objects were much closer now, and they baffled Roy. They were the usual Covenant purple but they look like buses with mounted plasma turrets fixed on top.

"Lance and Seth what do you think of this?" Asked Roy trying to hide his curiosity that arose in his voice. The other two Spartans jogged to the corner and glared.

Seth's back stiffened and he looked around at Roy.

"I did a little studying on the first attack on Earth, and I found out that the Covenant had used several new vehicles. That there is a shadow, they are ground transports and those turrets atop are very powerful. We don't have the firepower to stop those Shadows so I suggest we find a empty building nearby and wait until they passed." Said Seth as he checked the rounds for his SMG.

"I see, Alright find an unlock door to one of these apartments." Announced Roy as he stared at the oncoming vehicles.

"Door locked," Said a marine as he tried to open a door.

"Same here," came the voices of several other marines as they frantically searched for an unlocked door.

"Got one!" Yelled Lance as he ran into the building. The building was

right on the corner of the intersection.

Roy frowned; if the covenant saw them they would mostly likely search the closest houses. He cleared his mind and ran into the building last. The marines ran around setting up points of crossfire, in case the covenant found them.

Something thumped outside the thin walled apartment. Again and this time it was forming a rhythm. Roy glanced at the room; apparently it was a living room. The couch sat in the center of the room, the TV in front, the walls flaked off paint, and last the humidity of the place was making the walls peel and turn a nasty yellow or brown.

Thump, Thump, they were right at the window. Roy dived down and rolled underneath the window still. He pulled his legs onto his chest and waited.

"I thought I saw humans," The creature sniffed loudly and continued.

"Smells like them,"

"You! By the window quit your whining there are no humans here, now come and get back into the shadow." Shouted another voice.

A shadow came across the window as the creature peered in. Roy's heart beat like an assault rifle. Adrenaline rushed through his body increasing his awareness of his environment.

Suddenly a pot of rotting flowers fell and broke into a thousand pieces. The creature grunted and intensified his stare and then shaking his head walked away.

As the sound of the covenant vehicles died, the soldiers got out of there hiding spots. Roy slowly arose and stretched and grabbed his rifle.

"Were those Brutes?" asked Roy

"Yes they were," Replied Seth as he helped a nearby marine out from under a table.

"We are coming up on the LZ we are supposed to clear."

Roy stopped dead while rounding a corner. The LZ was heavily guarded with Wraiths, Ghosts, and a few of those Shadow things.

Roy froze his blood ran cold he had just now seen his first brute. It appeared like a hairy- gorilla like and rhinoceros creature. Its arms gripped the controls of the plasma turret.

Roy motioned with his hand to stop the squad. They stopped and the massive LZ too took them back a few paces.

"Hey, man we don't have enough firepower to kill those things," Said the marine that was freaking out during the ride down in the pelican.

"Shut up," Whispered Lance keeping an eye on the Brutes.

"We are going to die!"

"You hear me covenant come and get---Roy moved and put his gauntlet around the marine's mouth to silence him.

"Hey you need to quiet down."

The marine reached for his pistol and aimed. Before Roy could react Lance grabbed the gruff of the marine's neck. With the speed of a god threw the marine's body into a wall. A loud crack came from the marine and his body felt limp.

Roy studied Lance for reasons Lance just didn't go around killing people.

"He was going to shoot at you," explained Lance.

Before Roy could respond a voice came over the COM.

"Come in Spartans backup is on its way, just hang tight."

13. Chapter 13

_A/N Sorry I have been busy with schoolwork, anyways I haven't had a review for a while so send me a review to see how I am doing.

—

****Chapter Thirteen****

****Jerusalem, Earth****

****0914 Hour, November 17,2552 (Military Calendar)****

"Identify yourself?" asked Roy his curiosity getting his best despite the situation.

"This is the 405 Armored Battalion, Commander Fort sent us for assistance. Our ETA is ten minutes. Over"

Roy snapped of the Com link, he grinned for it only to be covered by his helmet. His head swept side to side taking in the surroundings. He edged towards a corner of a nearby house and peeked around. Turrets were everywhere set up at various points to provide covering fire. _The armored column _would have a hard time unless we distract.

"Alright everyone I want suppressive fire on those turrets, we are going to keep them busy for ten minutes understood."

"Yes sir!" The marines and Spartans edged around the corner and formed into a horizontal line their weapons held at their shoulders.

Roy hand gripped the rubber or plastic, Roy couldn't decide, the underneath of the battle rifle. His hand shook slightly and then moved his hands forward.

"Open Fire!" With years of training aiding the Spartans they fired with precision accuracy. One by one the brutes dropped dead out of

the turrets. Roy quickly got into a rhythm of firing. The brutes soon returned fire, spreading plasma everywhere. The marines rolled to avoid. Soon something else moved, a shadow turret. The purple turret swirled and spat out purple plasma. The marines didn't have time to move for their sluggish human reflexes. Their bodies withered away as the plasma sorted their bodies to nothing more than ashes.

Lance aimed fired another round into a brute. The sniper rifle echoed and a trail of white floated in the air. He slammed a fresh clip of ammo and continued his rampage of kills. Seth hid behind the corner; he leaned against the wall sighing. He couldn't fight at the moment due to that he had picked out dual SMG.

Roy shook his head as a bead of sweat ran down his forehead. His biometer flashed indicating that the marines of his squad had died. Plasma fire entered the street; it threatened to hit Roy as he stood returning fire. Roy was soon pushed back as the turrets found his body. His shield beep indicating that he needed cover. He didn't have any cover or couldn't run to one in time.

"Yea ha" Came a loud rowdy voice. Fire erupted at the other end of the LZ. Soon warthogs sped through followed by scorpion tanks. The chain guns spat out rounds that shredded any threats. Brutes screamed in anger or maybe surprise for Roy didn't care as long as they died.

Roy opened a Com link with Admiral Parker.

"Admiral Parker LZ secured,"

"I hear you loud and clear hold the LZ." Admiral Parker lurched forward as the ship accelerated to avoid two plasma torpedoes.

"Move us to flanking speed and fire two MAC rounds at those oncoming ships." Shouted the admiral as his eyes flickered at the displays in front of him. He divided his attentions to a Com link to the elite councilor Uyamagad.

The Screen cleared and the elite councilor turned to face the admiral.

"Yes human what is your request," Asked the elite his mandibles still having trouble speaking in human tongue.

"Umm send down that your ship my soldiers have cleared an LZ at the base of the ship."

Uyamagad yelled something native to his members of the crew.

"Understood," With that the link broke and the councilor turned towards the gold zealot, Serxzee. Who stared intently at the ongoing space battle with eyes that showed frustration at the current situation.

"Serxzee you are to carry a boarding bomb to the humans planet to destroy a cruiser holding position of one of their cities." Uyamagad studied the young elite's face.

Serxzee seemed to struggle and question the order.

"I know this is your ship but I will take care of it. Right now we need to show the humans that we can be trusted because our surplus of one hundred ships haven't arrived."

Serxzee sat in the phantom his head bowed, as he was deep in thought. He did not want to admit it he was kind of interested in seeing a so-called human holy city. The phantom began to accelerate as it entered the planet. The passengers mostly grunt and elites sat fidgeting and whispering to each other.

Roy rested in the passenger of a warthog that the armored battalion gave him. The commander of the armored battalion was a red haired woman whom gave graduate to the Spartans for distracting the turrets.

He sighed he rested his arm on the dashboard. His eyes fading in and out as sleep threatened to take him. The green giant of a super solider head snapped forward when three covenant phantoms appeared in the sky and turned towards the LZ.

Lance and Seth both grabbed their weapons and watched the sky. The turrets underneath of the teardrop ship turned towards the warthog. A large yellow friend blip appeared on their HUD.

A purple beamed the gravity lift materialized and one by one elites glided down. Roy instantly recognized one of the elites from the meeting on the Reign of power. The elite named Serxzee moved towards Roy.

"You, humans we have arrived to destroy that cruiser above your city." The elite pointed at the giant whale shape ship seemingly hovering in place. Three elites hefted a large oval shaped bomb and place it onto the side of the spectra. The bomb had points that jutted out of it and was everywhere on the bomb.

"We are leaving to drive the bomb to the belly of the ship."

"Well then we will accompanying you." Roy nodded at the two other Spartans.

The specters sped off with the warthog in the lead providing covering fire. As they headed towards their destination they began to run into enemy fire. Plasma smeared and burned through the warthog at an attempt to stop them. Seth ended this problem with a rotation the turret brought death to those who tried.

The bottom of the gravity lift that extended to the cruiser was a few meters but was covered by brutes.

"Seth take them out," The elites too began to provide cross fire and with that they cleared the gravity lift quickly.

Suddenly a blue blur appeared to the hubcap of the warthog. Roy had seen this before and bailed out a few seconds before it exploded sending debris at the Spartans.

The gravity lift sat upon the top of a hill, the three Spartans moved their guns flashing and clanking with noise. The elites watched in awe as the trio of human warriors made their way. Soon the area was

clear and the elites made it on top as well.

"The elites are going to have to go up the gravity lift and set the time for the bomb so we can avoid the explosion." Serxzee said as he helped heft the large boarding bomb. Three elites and a few more steeped into the gravity and for a few seconds hung suspend. Soon they began to float up into the belly of the ship.

"By the way which one of you humans is called Roy?"

"I am" Roy moved forward unsure of what to expect. The golden elite moved and handed Roy a chip.

"Your human shipmaster told me to give this to you." Roy took the object and instantly recognized it as the AI. He slotted the chip into his neck. A weird sensation entered his head. It was as if a warm liquid was being poured into his mind.

"Roy, my fellow Spartan how are you?" asked the voice inside Roy's head. He shook his head sideways in annoyance.

"This is not the time."

"My brothers the brutes approach." Yelled the zealot as he pulled out and energy sword. A war cry exited from his body as a wave of brutes clambered up the hill.

End
file.